

# Whatever

Cam'ron

I'm in a whiptail smashing it  
Mase went to church, set down, imagine it  
Who me? Devil's Advocate, shit  
Tell a tale to cry, just so you could fail to lie  
Me, Un, Suge, Pac would go to jail and die for this  
Fuck school, A and E murder major, flavors, uh  
Listen to the coach you heard the players got scheming targets  
Philly hoes boost clothes from out of Neiman Marcus  
Real hot, while your flashing out, Gucci jean suit  
Jacket felt, oh yeah, matching belt, uh, she so independent  
But I slapped her, why? Cause I ain't slapped a ho in a minute  
I'm low, low, low in a Range Rov tinted  
Same 4 fronting, be the same 4 who'll get it  
Uh, and we big cats, jig cats, clcik triggas  
Pig nigga, bring the hook in: 6 figures

For my cats with the ice, who don't need no wife  
We getting head tonight (Whatever)  
To all my honeys that stall, give a dummy a call  
Get his money and ball (Whatever)

Cats don't mess with ya'll, cause ya'll are dummies  
Cats fuck with me cause I tell, "Let's get money"  
Get it, get a Benz, come through on 20s  
Me and Jim Jones stay fighting 2 on 20  
Fuck it, the hoods scary and all my whips they should vary  
You cheap niggas still shopping up up in Woodbury  
I'm Viv Westwood, Karl Lagerfeld, Salvatore Ferragamo, John Galiano  
And my girls they be blessing me first  
Took 'em out of Foot Locker and that referee shirt  
And I put that on the death of me first, test me, an'll squirt  
Best be alert, cause yo, sexy could hurt  
Cause one thing I can't stand is a pussy chick  
I need a "Here ma, goof this in your pussy" chick  
All these sleazes trying to be my Hillary, Winnie or Wheezy  
Ladies, take it easy!

For my cats with the ice, who don't need no wife  
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Yo, yo, let's stab 'em, let's stick 'em  
Let's get 'em, get all of his spinach  
Grab 'em, and flip 'em, while Killa get all of the women  
Bacardi & Lemon, Ferri at lemon, party in Lennon  
Sorry I'm limbin', I'm just fronin' ya'll; ya tittes  
I'll touch 'em, I'll kiss 'em, I'll hug 'em, I'll suck 'em  
If I'm with a chick, most likely I'm trying to fuck 'em  
Not tryin' cuff 'em, tryin' a duck 'em, lyin' I love 'em  
Have em with a pie in their oven  
Shit, to me, ya'll a dime a dozen  
No time for buzzin', beat it, go find a husband  
Shit, that'll trick on you, buy you a ton of clothes  
I'm at the Tunnel, they let in 500 hoes  
I'm at the bar, see shorty is bent  
My ratio up in here, fucked 40 percent

Shit, drink is sour, armareta, yo  
Whatever, forever, but won't stop my cheddar

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And I don't care how bad no chick is, I ain't licking nobody's feet!  
Killa!